A HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

MISTERY OF THE AGED MAN WHO SCARED WICKED LOGGERS,

Known for Thirty Years as the Clearwater Whooner Lumbermen Converted by Frights Given by Him-A Man Crazed by Religion-Mystery of His Existence.

Bolestown, N. B., Jan. 19.—One of the features of life in the lumber woods is the telling uncanny tales of dreams or visions of ghosts and other unnatural beings. Little harm results from such things, but the matter becomes serious when a camp receives an actual visitation. Queer lights, it may be, are seen, and wild, weird noises are heard for which no adequate explanation can be given. A belated teamster rushes into camp and dedares that he and his team have been pur sued by some strange monster on the toteroad. The man is so manifestly terrified that no one questions his sincerity. The more courageous of the crew equip themselves with guns, axes, and lanterns and organize a sortie into the outer gloom. They find no trace of the mysterious visitor in the mounded snow, but perhaps hear terrible, human-like sereams percine the stillness from a distant ridge.
The story leass nothing of its horror as told and retold by the men on their return, and there is no sleep for any one that night. The camp henceforth is practically in a state of slege and no one ventures out after dark. It has even happened that a crew of men have been so panie stricken by some apparition of this kind that they have deserted the camp in a body and fled to the nearest settlement. some of the most impressive legends that

have found credence among the loggers of the Miramichi forests have related to a strange monster known as the "Clearwater whooper. The favorite pastime of this creature was to reveal himself to hardened sinners and, incidentally, to terrorize lumber crews by his unearthly yells. These were never heard until after sundown and were said to cease promptly at midnight. On stormy nights the whooper was sometimes heard quite close to the camp, causing the horses in the hovel to snort and plunge in their terror. Two men only, George cott and Bill Carson, ever declared seriously that they had seen the whooper. They dif fered widely in their decription but agreed in regarding the vision as a monitor of future woe, and so became as men to whom a mes sage had been sent, and led plous lives there after. Some of the younger men living at Pleasant Ridge and Hayesville, who treated the matter as a joke, also affirmed that they had seen the whooper, but it was soon observed that bad luck attended them. One of them. Dan Munn, cut his foot badly the first day in the woods and was laid up all that winter. Another, Donald McCov, was upset in his cance and nearly drowned while shooting the Big Louis Rapids. The wife of a third, Bob McCoy, had twins 'nat displayed an abnormal tendency to whoop.

The old people say that it was during the

winter following the Saxby gale of 1869 that the whooper first appeared on the Clearwater a branch of the Sou'west Miramichi. He remained in that neighborhood for about five years. His den, or residence, was believed to be a large cave on the head of Clearwater. This cave is located in the side of a high bluff facing the rushing stream. It has two com partments, each the size of an average room. with a narrow passageway between. When the water rises in the spring the floor of the cave is covered. In the spring of 1874 there was a remarkably high freshet in all the streams flowing into the Sou'west Miramichi and when, in the following winter, the whooper failed to appear in the logging works, the cur rent belief was that he had been drowned in the cave. Some of the stream drivers in the spring mustered up courage to examine the care. They found nothing except some bones which porcupines had gnawed and some tat tered fragments of cloth which George Scott identified as the coat he had thrown off when chased by the whooper two years before. The Milicete Indians of Saint Mary's have many legends of this cave as the residence of their god, Gloscop, when on earth. It is believed that Jim Paul, the chief of the tribe, who accompanied Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston on a hunting trip in the Clearwater country last fall, was the first red man who ever dared to enter the inner cavern. All he found there was the remning of an old brass kettle. After the year 1874 the whooper was never

seen or heard in the Clearwater region. For fifteen years he was absent from his former haunts. The younger generation of choppers and river guides who had grown up in the meantime were skeptical as to any such moning panther that had strayed from the wilds of Quebec. All at once the mysterious creature reappeared on the adjacent waters of the upper Dungaryon, a brauch of the Renous River. He was heard by the men who were fall-logging in that region uttering wild shricks, as of a woman in dire distress. He was frequently pursued with guns, but never seen. His habits at this time would seem to have undergone a radical change, for while in the Clearwater country he never actually visited theleamps, he had now grown much bolder. temporarily empty, he went right into the shanty and took away articles of food, such as bork and coulded. He devoted special attention to the depot camps where provisions were stored in the summer season for the follow-

ing winter's operation. The loggers working in the Dungaryon woods were much less superstitious than their fathers, yet in the face of such unmistakable proof of the whooper's being among them they Few of them were bold enough to travel the tote-road alone after sundown. It sometimes happened that the portage team aters, who were hauling in supplies on their sleds from the settlement, were unable to reach the camps until after dark. One very old teamster, Thomas Hunter, who knew no fear and handled the English language in a reckless way, had a very close call from the whooper on the high bank of the Dungarvon, at the mouth of McConnell Brook. It was about an hour after dark, on a rainy night in October, that Hunter, lantern in hand, was urging his tired team over the roots and rocks of the portage with a blistering volley of adjectives, when suddenly a series of bloodcurdling yells saluted him right ahead in the road. Hunter rushed to the back of the sled for his axe, when the horses bolted, slewing the sled with all its contents over the river bank, which was there about ten feet in height. The teamster was carried over the bank, too, and part of the load rolled over him, but he escaped serious injury. The whooper was heard laughing like a loon, and then all was silent, except for the snorting and stamping of the horses. With great difficulty, old man quieted the team, reloaded his following the rocky bed of the stream.

For more than a year after this Hunter was never known to swear, but one day, when his leam got mired in a boghole on Forty-nine Mile Brook, the language he addressed to the team was fully up to his old-time form. That evenually the beautiful to be candid and not lose sight of the fact that John, il. 4, has long been used to grand the logical polemical axes. The Protestants of the site such centure, with their own contention as to the right poetiern of Mary, the manner of Jesus, to uphold, were delichted to amby so the floor of the deserted camp was a flourishing colony of skunks and, as these interesting and make roamed freely about the camp in the night, Hunter kept a candle burning on a box near the head of his bunk. Three times in the night Hunter woke up to discover not all the night Hunter woke up to discover not all the supplies of the fact that it could not be found anywhere. Each time he lighted a fresh candle, only to find, on waking up, that it had disappeared. At first he suspected the skunks that were wandering over the floor of the camp, gnawing old bootlegs, beef bones, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the camp, gnawing old bootlegs, beef bones, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the camp, gnawing old bootlegs, beef bones, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the camp was found to be wide over, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the camp was found to be wide over, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the sum of the camp was found to be wide over, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the sum of the camp was found to be wide over, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the sum of the camp was found to be wide over, though Hunter had carefully latched it before the sum of the camp was found to be wide over the work of the sum For more than a year after this Hunter was never known to swear, but one day, when his

he heard, apparently across the brook, the wild, discordant laughter that had greeted him in October the year before at the mouth of McConnell Brook. For the remainder of the night the stout-hearted cld man sat on the edge of the bunk, axe in hand, smoking his pire, but he heard no more of the marauder.

Any one who is familiar with the ways of the lumber woods will readily appreciate how rapidly the news of so uncanny an event as this would circulate. Within a week the story that the whooper had grown bold enough to enter the camp in which Hunter was sleeping and steal the lighted candles, and that his track in the snow was like that of a man, was related in every lumber camp from Glassville to Blackville. Some of the older men living at Hayesville recalled the fact that when the whooper was first encountered in the Clearwater country in the early seventies he was supposed to be a panther, or Indian devil, but no tracks as any wild anima) would make were ever found. They also recalled the circumstance that on one occasion a human track was found on a maple ridge where the whooper had been heard yelling, but this, at the time, was thought to be the trail of some prowling gummer or peddler taking a short cut from one camp to another. Old George Scott maintained that when the whooper appeared to him he stood erect and had the general shape of a man, while Carson declared that the prodigy, as he saw him, resembled a bear in color and form, with the exception of a white stripe down his forehead. Soon after this an old trapper named George Brown went into the Dungaryon country and set several traps, balted with codfish and pork, for the whooper. Brown became almost blind that winter and was unable for some time afterward to travel alone in the woods.

It is impossible, from the mass of conflicting testimony and the many stories that were told, some in jest and some in earnest, to determine with certainty when the whooper next appeared. If any peculiar noise was heard in the woods or any article was lost or any bad luck occurred it was attributed to this phase om visitor. Some of the logging crews at this time were chiefly composed of Frenchmen from the north shore. These men would rush into camp at the least unusual sound and refuse to turn out for work before suprise in the morning. They all crossed themselves at night and prayed to be delivered from the On the next occasion when the whooper was

rsonally seen the riddle which had baffled the woodsmen of the Sou'west for so many years was solved. The nature and identity of the whooper were fully established, although his origin and method of existence remained as profound a mystery as ever. On the even-ing of July 12, 1800, a party of sportsmen and their guides were occupying an abandoned lumber shack called Pond's camp, about two miles from the Dungarvon River. The leader of the party was Frederick Irland of the Concressional reporting staff at Washington. With him were two Fredericton sportsmen. two guides and the teamster. The fire in the old ramdown stove had died away, the lights were out and nearly all the party were asleep, auddenly, a series of yells that aroused all within the camp was heard in the outer darkness. An interval of silence followed and then alremarkable figure appeared in the open doorway. At once a candle was lighted, and the figure, an aged man, clad in tatters and with long, disneyelled hair, shambled into the circle of light and proceeded to rub his thin, grimy hands at the stove. To questions put by the fishing party he returned incoherent replies. He spoke some words of English, from which it was gathered that he had been in the woods a long time; that he lived on berries, nuts, frogs and, as he called them, qualls. The only articles he had with him were a rusty axe and a small Catholic Bible. When food was offered he mumbled a blessing and then ate voraciously He seldom made any response to the questions asked him. He declined the invitation to sleep in the camp and lay curied up in the dooryard all night. In the morning he refused to remain to breakfast, but strode off into the trackless forest in his bare feet. He had an old pair of boots without soles which he carried slung over his shoulder on his rusty axe. Before he left Mr. Irland took the old hermit's photograph. The conclusion reached by the party was that he was a man whose mind had been unhinged by religion. How he contrived to exist without fire, wenpon or any food, save such as he could find in the woods, and especially how he was able to withstand the relentless cold of a Canadian winter, were problems that defled solution.

If this was the veritable whooper, and there seems no reason to doubt it, his contact with human kind must have filled kim with alarm. for when next seen he was nearly 200 miles from the Dungaryon, at Upper Millnoket Lake. in the extreme north of Piscataquis county, Me. That was one evening in the middle of the following September. Curled up by the embers of a fire which he had managed somehow to light he was found on the shore or the lake by a party of sportsmen. His faded coat in tatter, his complexion that of the earth, he wore the wreck of what had once been a pair of trousers, now held together by tendrils of spruce root, and on his feet were meccasins covered with awamp mud. He said he had had nothing to eat for twelve days. He had neither axe nor blanket, compass nor matches. He said he had lived upon bunch berries. frogs, dead fish and a kind of red-topped grass that grew in a pond. The photograph of the hermit was again taken and showed him to be the identical personage met by Mr. Irland's party. The sportsmen who found him at Millnoket used him kindly and prevailed on him to remain with them a couple of days, after which he was supplied with money, clothes and two days' provisions, paddled across the lake and started down the tote-road to Oxbow.

That was two years ago, since which time, so far as known, the old forest hermit has never been seen by human eye. Whether he was the original Clearwater whooper, or merely a latter-day whooper, is still a matter of flerce debate among the hardy woodsmen of the Miramichi. All that can be said with certainty is that during the past two years no man in that wild region has heard the yell of the whooper, nor found a sign of his presence

"What Have I to Do with Thee?" To THE EDITOR OF THE SUS-Sie: Your correspondent, A. E. G., is right so far as he goes. "Ti

emoi knissi?" is idiomatic Greek for " What have I to do with thee?" But neither A. E. G. nor any other of your correspondents appears to have observed that "woman" is only a very childish translation of the Greek "gunai." In the Greek grammars "gune the Greek "gunai." In the Greek grammars "gune,"
the nominative, is given with the meaning "woman," and the ingenuous youth, when he meets the
vocative case of that substantive in the dialogue of
his first Greek play is very apt to franslate it. "O
woman!" Then the conscientious teacher gets in
his work, pointing out that in "Henula," for instance, the humans and courteous herald, Tail'ybius, would not be likely to address the "mobied
queen" as "woman!" as who should saw, "Hi,
you!" The conscientious teacher will tell the ingenuous and literal youth that in Greek one word
has to do "ut for "woman!" and "lady." The
youth unless he drops his Greek very arry, will
find that this vocative, "gunal," it used regularly
for "lady" or "madam" in a distinctly respectful
sense.

BAD ROWSEY FAMILY GONE

SIX OF THE SEVEN, BOYS WERE WELL-KNOWN KENTUCKY BAD MEN.

The Seventh and Last to Pass Away Died with His Boots Off-The Careers and Fighting of a Family Whe Dared Do

Anything Calling for Desperate Bravery. DANVILLE, Ky., Jan. 8.—The passing of John Rowsey, who died at his home, five miles from Danville, one night last week, closed the final chapter in a remarkable family history of dark and bloody deeds. John Rowsey was one of the seven boys of old Jordon Rowsey, and was the only one of the seven who did not "die with his boots on." The careers of the other six we:e filled with daring deeds of outlawry and some extraordinary displays of reckless bravado, running from the halting of a freight train by a single horseman to the baring of a breast to the carbine of an unfair foe.

The six "bad" Rowsey boys were Jasper, Thomas, Smith, Arch, "Cam" and "Cage." Their father, Jordon Rowsey, was not a dangerous man, generally speaking, but an unpleasant adversary when aroused. He was small in stature and wiry, and was never known to carry a weapon, depending, when occa-sion demanded, upon his hitting and biting qualities. He had many quarrels and and skull" encounters, but so far as known never "killed his man."

Jasper was the first of the boys to gain notoriety. He became a terror to his neighborhood when quite a youth. He would get drunk, shoot into houses, and now and then, just for amusement, fire upon persons travelling through the community, secreting himself in the hills overlooking the roads. The family lived in the "Knobs" several miles back of Milledgeville, a village about twelve miles south of Danville. One day Jasper shot and hit Squire John Hughes, a highly respected eltizen of the community, but the bullet struck a silver dollar in the Squire's pocket and he escaped injury. Rowsey said that he was shooting at another man. Later, in one of his branks, he shot and wounded a man named Oldham. This occurred before the civil war. Jasper progressed in his desperate doings and was finally arrested and taken to the Stanford jail. A few nights after this a mob visited the prison, took Jasper from the not unwilling jailer and swung his body from a neighboring

imb, just on account of "general cussedness, The second to die was Thomas, and his death was tragic. He fell before the earbine of Tom Akin. Akin was a Federal soldier, returning home before the close of the war. Tom Rowsey one day went to Milledgeville, loaded up on mean whiskey, bullied Akin, and ran him out of town at the point of a rifle. The next day was Sunday. At about 10 o'clock that morning Tom Rowsey, then sober, was standing upon the porch of a store, in the second story of which a Sabbath school was in session. While standing there Tom Akin walked up with a carbine in his hand and exclaimed:

"Who says I've got to leave town?" Rowsey saw what Akin was up to, and said to

"You've got the drop on me. If you've go anything against me, shoot." With this he reached up and pulled open his shirt, so that his breast made a target. Akin took deliberate aim with his carbine and fired. Rowsey dropped in his tracks, shot through the heart. So great was the feeling against the Rowseys that Akin was not arrested for his

This cold-blooded act by Akin and the appar-

ent sanction of it by the people of the community enraged the remaining members of the Rowsey family and their friends, and they began a reign of terror which for years kept the good people of West Lincoln county in a constant state of fear and excitement. They took a special delight in harassing the Akin family and their sympathizers, shooting into their houses, firing into them from ambush, &c., unand their sympathizers, shooting into their houses, firing into them from ambush, &c., until it was dangerous for anybody to vonture upon the highway after dark. This state of affairs finally culiminated in one of the most terrific encounters in the history of the family.

One Saturday morning lot the summer of 1985 Smith Rowsey secreted himself in a barn near the Akin home. In a short time Tom Akin and has father came from the front door of their house and took seats side by side upon the stoop. While they were sitting there Smith Rowsey fired upon them from his hiding place, making a most singular shot. The builted first struck Tom Akin in the neck near the base of the brain, penetrating the flesh and barely grazing the vertebre. Passing on, it went through old man Akin's neck also, and then entered the doorpost. Both men recovered, but decided that such a shot could not be escaped often, and they moved to Louisville.

That same morning the Rowseys were in town pretty thick, and one Clem, a sympathizer, shot into the house of Martin Russel. The builet narrowly missed a sick daughter. A general attack was expected and Russel summoned some fifteen of his friends to his aid. They went to his house and remained ail night. The Eowseys looked upon this as a aid. They went to his house and remained all night. The Rowseys looked upon this as a challenge and they, too, prepared for war. Blood flowed freely the next morning, which was Sunday, About 7 o'clock, while several of the Russel party were on the back porch washing their faces, they were fired upon from an old blacksmith shop some distance away. They hastily reentered the house and the battle began in earnest. The women were put into the cellar and the men shot at their foes from the windows.

There were two crowds of the Rowseys, one occurving the blacksmith shop and the other

windows.

There were two crowds of the Rowseys, one occupying the blacksmith shop and the other stationed in the secont story of an old mill, the Russel house between them. Bullets from the Rowsey guns penetrated the thin walls of the Russel home and many narrow escapes were made. When the ammunition was exhausted and the fighting ceased it was found that four of the Rowsey following had received death wounds and several others were more or less injured. The Russel party escaped fatal hurts. None of the Rowsey boys was killed in this engagement, although Cam was shot through and through. A silk handkerchief was run through his body to permit the escape of the poisonous blood, and he lived to become a had man later in life.

It was not long after this until Smith Rowsey fell. He was an expert rifleman, and sometimes amused himself by shooting at people from the high knobs. One day a small company of soldiers in the civil war was passing by and Smith fired upon them from ambush. The soldiers, thinking they had encountered a detachment of sharpshooters, scattered into the bushes. They ran upon Smith, and he, probably thinking they were after him, showed fight. He could not successfully combat so many foes and was shot down without killing a soldier. After the close of the war, when law and

hand.

After the close of the war, when law and

he dies game, however, with a revolver in each hand.

After the close of the war, when law and order again assumed definite shape, the county officials made determined efforts to crush out the raiding bands of 'esperadoes, and matters quieted down somewhat. The Rowseys then satisfied themselves by getting drank sharly now and then and 'taking' a town by thereselves. Arch, Cam and 'Cage' of the old fighting stock remained. Ar hone day rode his horse down the Lousville and Nashville Railrond track, in the wake of an a vancing freight train, which was heavy and going slowly. Stonping his animal and drawing two revolvers, he pointed them at the cab on the locemotive and yelled to the engineer to hair. There was nothing else to do, and he haited. After a pleasant conversation, during which the engineer and fireman were invited to drink out of the Rowsey bottle, the train was permitted to go in peace.

The Rowseys did not confine their operations to Milledgeville, but attempted to ferrorize Danville. Stanford, and other places, defied arrest, rode through the streets at breaknest speed, yelling, firing their pistols, &c. One day Cam same to Danville and got on a 'tear,' but, much to his surprise, was arrested by 'Hueg' Harness, a printer. He had declared that he was the best man in Kentucky and defled arrest. Harness asked the Marshal to summon him to arrest the desperado. The Marshal did so, and Harness pulled a pistol almost as long as his arm, walked up to Rowsey, and told him that if he did not go with him to the police court he would blow all the top of his head off. Cam looked at the printer for a moment, but Harness quietly held the pistol pointed at Rowsey's head, his hand as stendy as an oak, Rowsey's head, his hand as stendy as an oak, Rowsey's head, his hand as stendy as an oak, Rowsey's head, his hand as stendy as an oak, Rowsey's head, his hand as stendy as an oak, Rowsey's head, his hand the country looking for a missing horse. On their return home in the dark they overtook two men, one of whom appeared

After the minight street due was over and the smoke had cleared away it was found that Powell was seriously wounded and Williams slightly so. It was thristmas night, and the ecople, thinking the bombardment came from some of the "boys" who were pollifying, paid no attention to it. Thus the two straigers

were permitted to get out of lown without their identity being disclosed. The next day, however, a physician was called into the exuntry to see a wounded man, who proved to be Arch Bowsey. It turned out that his abdomen had been perforated in the fight with Powell and Williams, and that he had actually walked four miles into the country while cuffering thus. He lived only a short time. His companion in the fight, a klusman named Curry, was unjujured.

thus. He lived only a short time. His companion in the fight, a kinsman named Curry, was uninjured.

Cam Rowsey was a magnificent specimen of manhood, tall, well-proportioned and handsome. He was careful, too, of his personal appearance and always wore good clothes. He was successful in business, and when killed was running a store at Milledgeville. Cam was also a married man of family, but very free in his attentions to women, and in 1 RI was accused of improper relations with a young woman named Braxdale. She was a sister-in-law of William Gresham and a sweetheart of John Reid. Gresham and Reid sought revenge, met Rowsey one day and empthed into his bedy two shotguns loaded with buckshot. His head was blown to pleeps, Gresham and Beid were tried and acquitted, and Reid married the young woman. Seven years afterward Reid and Gresham, then brothers-in-law, were playing cards, had a dispute over some trivia affair, and Reid gare Gresham the lie. Gresham attempted to pull his pistol, but Reid was too quick for him, drew his own and shot Gresham dead.

The last of the bad brothers to die was Mica-

attempted to pull his pistol, but field was too quick for him, drew his own and shot Gresham dead.

The last of the bad brothers to die was Micaish, or "Cage," as he was familiarly known. He was shot and killed two years ago by Marshal Elis of Junction City while he was resisting arrest. "Cage" was in many respects the most remarkable member of the 'amily. A relentless foe, and ever ready to meet all comers, any rules to govern, he was, in matters of business and legal relations, the very soul of honor. He would tell the truth, though the telling of it brought hardships, and he was thoroughly trustworthy in matters of credit. He cut a man named Phillips with a penknife. The wound was not necessarily fatal, but Phillips was drunk, and, going to sleep, hed to death. Cage was tried for the killing, and on his own admissions was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. His lawyers got him a new trial, and on the second hearing he was acquitted. Cage was wounded many times. Once he was shot in the mouth and the builtet ledged in the back of his neck, where it remained. Micajah Rowsey's favorite weapon was a long bowle knife, and he was never known to carry a pistol until his difficulty with Ellis.

How many persons met death at the hands of different members of the Rowsey family, and how many deaths were incident to the cutting and shooting scrapes that grew out of affairs with which they were connected one way or another, will never be known.

FASHIONS IN GOLF SHOES.

American Golfers Now Learning the Value of Nail-Studged Soles-Present Preference for Horsehide-Mishap of a Player

Who Wore His Golf Footgear in Towns

Next to the clubs he wields, a golfer thinks fore often of his footgear than of anything else. The custom is Great Britain is invariably to use footwear of thick, waterproof leather, having heavy, nail-studded soles. The preference there is for shoes rather than boots, or, as Americans would say, for low-cut rather than laced-up shoes. In this country the winter shoe is high and laced with leather thougs. and the hot-weather shoe is a low-cut one. The leather and soles are heavy, but not so thick, except when a man prides himself on having imported boots, as the sorts used abroad. Almost any sort of coarse-grained, tough leather may be used, and tan is the orthodox color, or non-color, as one may choose to term the natural shade of the dressed skin. Just now the fashion in this country is for shoes of horsehide, which makes a very durable and pliable leather. Other shoes on the market are made of moose, ailigator and monkey skins, it is said, for, except when confronted with an alligator's scales the ordinary golfer is sel for a precise judge of leather. Ready-made, serviceable golf shoes may be bought as low as \$3.50, while to order some shoemakers get \$20 for a pair.

Most American golfers will pay gladly a fancy price for outing shoes which they are sure will be comfortable and easy. Americans who take up the game in middle life, although one and all may deny that at any prior period have they ever worn tight shoes, almost invariably suffer from tender feet. On this account a pair of heavy shoes thoroughly well fitting is a priceless boon, to be coddled into long life by repeated visits to the cobbier for patches and resoling, for to break in a new outfit means a painful stock of corns and bunions. This accounts for the ragged-looking footgear of many players met on the links who in other respects

are quite the fashion-plate in attire. There is no affectation in having the soles studded with nails or pegs, for the danger of slipping is ever present, and never more liable to occur, strangely enough, than when the turf is dry and hard under the midsummer sun. In this country, until the arrival of golf, to slip was this country, until the arrival of golf, to silu was never thought of except when on the ice, or, possibly, a floor waxed for dancing. But the golfers have learned that the verture clad hills ites a d plains are slippery places, especially when the feet are the pivot for a strong swing with brassey or cleek. As ye, however, few even of the best go fers have their shoe-soles as thickly studded as the players do abroad. This is because the usual techers is a fixed square of this kly studded as the players do abroad. This is because the usual technic is a fixed square of dirt which affords a sure footbold, and the players take a chance on slipping through the fair green. There is always danger of smashing a club head on a dirt to, anothe lear of this accident has often the effect of shortening a player's swing, so that many of the clubs are substituting turf for earth toes, and with the change American players will probably carry as much iron in their shoe-soles as they do in Seot and and England. There the teeing places are on turf and changed each day to prevent the wearing away of the grass. Consequently the possibility of slipping when driving off must always be guarded against by sheer we ght of from.

Those who saw Willie Park, Jr., play here during his first visit, in DSO, were amazed at the heft of his low-cut shoes and their formidable soles, which were as heavily armored as a battleship, but that the players abroad are justified in taking every possible precaution against a slip that would spoil even a single stroke was forcibly demonstrated at the finish of the last open championship of the world, in which, after sevenity-two holes of medal play, Harry Vardon won from Willie Park, Jr., by a single stroke. The one notable exception to the wearing of heavily spiked shoes abroad was the late A. J. T. Allan, the Seoteh youth who won the amateur championship of 1897, and who played in ordinary walking shoes. was the inte A. J. T. Allan, the Scotch youth who won the amateur championship of 1897, and who played in ordinary walking shoes. American players have found it better to fo low. Park's example rather than Allan's, although they do not find it necessary to have shoes heavy enough to serve as anchors for a Rob

Hoy canoe.

In travelling, while he may wear his tweeds and gay stockings, a golfer seldom wears his playing shoes. He steps into these arks at the clubhouse. A golfer who did not follow this rule had an odd experience intely. This is the story he talks.

clubhouse. A goller who did not follow this rule had an odd experience lately. This is the story he tells:

"I hate to wear my golf shoes in town, but this was a case of necessity. The spike-studded soles made a tremendous clatter on the city pavements, as impressive in a way as the thunderous clatter of the state. In Don Juan' and as full of terrors to a difficient man. So I turned into the Grand Central Station with a sense of relief. In passing through the usual waiting room crowd an unexpected push jostled me against a wedding couple who were hurrying from their carriage to a parlor car.

"Somehow, as I drew back with an anologetic gesture, the rice-whitened bridegroom got his patent-leather-clad foot under my golf boot. Men will be married in dalety shoes, you know, and he must have suffered excruciating pain as each of the thirly nail heads in my boot, under the weight of my 200 nounds, left its impress on his tender, thinly protected foot. His corns must have been crushed to jelly, for he yelled, and, for one who had only assumed the sacred ties of wedlock, his language was shocking. Yes, sir, as he stood there on one foot and nursed the other in his hands, to the utter disarrangement of his wedling suit and the ruin of his silk hat, which fell off and was subsequently jumped on, that bridegroom just hooped around and swore. It was so sad to hear him that I tried to move away, but the people in the waiting room had formed a circle around as and I couldn't get off. "His bride, to whom he was to be a prop through life, was now doing the prop act and partially supporting the bridegroom, who was still hopping on one foot. After landing on the slik hat, he had lost faith in hopping the alone, but he still volced fluent maiedictions and nursed the crushed foot. Whenever possible I tried to make an apology, beginning cach attempt with the calm at tement that I did this the new Benedick grew more infuriated, but I was not angry at all. My thoughts were too full of pity for the bride at his side. Poor thing! to b story he tells: "I hate to wear my golf shoes in town, but "I hate to wear my golf shoes in town, but

WATER FASCINATES HIM. SO SAILURMAN MACKEY HAS A HABIT

He Can't Swim and He Doesn't Want to Learn-Evidence of His Theory That the Art Is Not Worth Knowing-Three Times and a Half Overboard in One Trip. 'Cetch cold?-not much! 'Tain't no worse's

bathing in summer-only a little colder." Mackey the sallor shook the dripping water from his shaggy beard like a Newfoundland dog, and then walked leisurely down Fron street toward a saloon for a drink of ho Scotch after being in the river.

"I al'us manage to drop in the river a dozen times or so in winter. It sorter freshers me mind up-makes me sober, too, sometime I ain't never full inside but I have ter make straight for water. It fascinates me. Then I tumble in, an' when they rank em out I'm sober agin. Mebbe it's 'cause I was bitten by a mad dog when a youngster. People sald I'd go mad then, but I didn't. I just go mad when I get liquored up, an' then I want to go for the river. 'Tain't that I hanker fur water inside. Oh, no! that never fascinates me. It's jes' outside.'

To the mild 'inquiry 'shether he wasn' afraid of getting drowned some day, he replied promptly: "Perhaps so, seein' I can't swim.

"Not swim! I thought you were a sailor?" "So I am, but what's that got to do with it? Can't a man be a sailor an' not know how to swim? We don't swim the seas-we let the ship do that-we just sail her. No, sir, I can't swim, an' neither can more'n half the fellers that I ever sailed with. What's the use of swimmin'? If you tumble overboard somebody'll throw a line, an' that's all there is to it. Now, the best swimmers I over knew al'us got drowned. They get foolhardy when they know how ter swim, an' then some day they go down and don't come up agin. I don't swim, an' they al'us get a line out ter me in a hurry. I've been overboard in about every port you can mention, an' I ain't dead yet. The boys af'us keeps a watchful eye'on me, knowin my failin', an' when they see me liquored un an' startin' fur the water, they jes' say, 'There goes Mac; get the rope ready.' Then they let me tumble in fur the sake of haulin' me.out." After warming up with the beverage which salt-sea sailor considers essential to health after a dousing in the water Mackey and his friend wandered down by the water front.

"Now, on the last trip with the Mary Ann I tumbled overboard three times an' a halfonce in Boston harbor, t'other time at sea, an' the last time down the bay ies' afore we go up to Guyrors Island," Mackey continued. "An' the half? Oh, that was off Cape Cod. It was a cold night jes' nfore Christmas, an' on my watch I had to take a drink to keep warm. I guess I must hey taken a drop too much. jes' had sense enough to know that I was startin' for the water. I knew then I was lost if somebody didn't see me. So I jes' let out a wild vell that could be heerd a mile away. couldn't stop, so strong was the fascination of the water fur me, an' I jes' tumbled over board as I heerd my mates come runnin' ur the companionway. I heerd one on 'em say There goes Mac overboard : get a rope quick. Then I didn't know no more." "Well, what erso?"

"Well. I jes' woke up an' found that I had only half fallen in the water. My feet was a-hangin half fallen in the water. My feet was a-hangin'
in, but my head and arms was mixed up to
the rigging of the prow. I couldn't see the
deck, but I could hear 'em talk 'bout me. It
sounded queer like, 'fur they was a-talkin'
about disposin' o' my things.

"Well, he's gone fur sure this time. Poor
Mac! Jim Lacey was a-sayin'.

"Oh, yes; he tumbled overboard onet too
often,' chimes in Tod Wiley. 'I al'us told him
he'd die that way. I guess he believes me.'

"He don't leave no relatives, does he?' asked
Jim.

"He don't leave no relatives, does he? asked Jim.

"None what I knows of."

"Then I guess his things b'longs to us, an' we might divide 'em."

"Yes, but afore he tumbled overboard Mae says ter me that I could have his nipe an' baccy an' that new suit of clothes of his.". I don't care fur none of the rest o' his duds an' you can have 'em an' welcome.

"No you don't come no such game as thet on me. Tod Wiley,' Jim answered quick. It'll be a fair divvy, or none at all. I want half the 'baccy an' the pipe of the clothes.

"D'ye mean ter say that I'm a-lyin' ter ye?' demanded Tod sharp like. Tod al'us was a better fighter than Jim, but Jim was plucky." I ain't sayin' what I think you're doin', but I'm s-goin' ter have my share.

"Ye are, eh? Well, ye just shut up, now, or I'll send ye overloard after Mac, an' you can sottle it with him down at the bottom."

"I guess two can play at that. I ain't a-feered of ye. Tod Wiley, an' if ye want ter prove it jes' sail in now."

"There was a seund of scufflin' on deck right over the bow where I was a-hangin', an' I know they was startln' in ter settle among themselves what each would take of my things. So I up an' yells like bloody murder, shoulin' first to Tod sn' then to Jim. You can bet they stopped fightin' in iloutle-quick time. They was both so scared that I couldn't get neather one of 'em to help me for a plastued long time.

"It's Mac's voice,' I finally heerd Jim say."

long time.

"It's Mac's voice,' I finally heerd Jim say.

"It's Mac's voice,' I finally heerd Jim say.

"No, it's his ghost,' replied Tod; it's come back ter settle this dispute atween us."

"No, I ain't a ghost,' I yelled back, I'm jest as live as any o'ye, Jes' drop a rope down here an' I'll come up an' show ye.

"Well, they finally got back their senses 'nough to drop me a line, but when I crawled up on deck they kinder steered clear o' me. It was nigh onto a week afore they were convinced that I wasn't Mac's ghost."

Mackey and his friend up the plank to her clean deck he added, changing the subject:

"She's a reg'ler downeaster—a spick-an'-span first-cleas Maine schooner that ain't got her s'perior on the seas. An' her crewithey're jes' as good as the ship, excent maybe the ('aprain, He is a little queer a' times. Now, there's Tod Wiley over there—see him with the blue jumper on?—an' thet's Jim Lacey, one o' the best sailors an' swimmers in the country. But what's he a-tryin' to do?—get a cold bath?"

The sailor pointed out as Lacey was leaning over the bulwarks as if trying to inspect something on the bottom of the schooner. Suddenly without warning he lost his balance and tumbled with a splash into the river.

"Is that Mac overboard? Oh, no, it's only Jim Lacey," cried some one.

Mac smiled at this remark.

"Jim's a good swimmer, you see, an' they th'nk he can take care of himself. Now, if it was me." ong time. "It's Mac's voice.' I finally heerd Jim say.

He walked up toward the stern of the schoon-He walked up toward the stern of the schoon-er where a group of sailors were laushing at Lacey's antics in the water. The best swim-mer in the world was acting very queerly, splut:ering and splashing around, and going down for some seconds at a time. "Jim's a good one—like a duck in water," remarked one of them.

The sport was entertaining, and the sailors seemed to enjoy it; but Jim continued to act queerly.

seemed to enjoy it; but Jim continued to act queerly.

"Mac, isn't he"—— began Mackey's friend. But Mac had gone away. The next moment there was a splash in the water. Then sometody shouted:

"Hello! There goes Mac overboard. Get a line, quick; he can't swim."

How he had managed to get in the water so quickly was a mystery, but long familiarity with the business had made him an adept. The next moment his head came un to the surface, and he was floundering around. The active satiors already had a line dangling over the schooner's side.

"Here, Mac, take this:"

With a quick grab the floundering man grasped the end of the rope and clung tenaciously to it. His other arm was around the waist of Jim Lacey.

"Say, jes' drop another rope down here!" he shouted. "Jim has fainted."

When the astonished sailors had hauled the two men on deck, they found Jim Lacey so far gone that a big dose of hot Scotch whiskey was only wet.

"See, Jim's a good swimmer, an' he came

was necessary to bring him to life again. Mackey was only wet.

"See, Jim's a good swimmer, an' he came
near gettin' drowned," he said with a leer.

"Bu! I can't swim, an' was in no danger.

"Did you realize that Jim was drowning?"
his friend asked.

"Certainly; he had cramps: I used fer have
'em, but I've been overhoard so many times
they don't hurt me any more. Jim don't take
to the water in the winter, an' it came near
beln' the last of him.

Then Mackey winked so knowingly that his
theory was almost convincing.

Maryland Sheriff's Gallows Henhouse. From the Baltimore Sun.

CHESTERYOWN, Md., Jan. 17.—The timber of the scaffold on which the execution of the four Hill murderers took place was afterward used in building a henhouse on ex-sheriff Plummer's farm. That henhouse has never been robbed. Sheriff floe will use an entirely new gallows for Wright. When it was expected that eight men and boys converted of the murder of Dr. Hill would be executed, the Sheriff was oftered a fabulous price for the scaffold, but when the four boys were reprieved the price of gallows wood declined and the timber found its way into a country bennery. A death watch is kept constantly over the condemned man.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE PEOPLE

The Craze for the New Method of Treating Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption

BECOMES A MENACE TO THE PUBLIC HEALTH

A Timely Warning from the Originators of This New Cure. Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of These Diseases.

neumonia and Consumption by inhalation was used more or less by the regular profession ten years ago, and although they were aware that through inhalation alone could these diseases be reached and cured, such treatments were given up because no germicide had yet been found that could be carried to the diseased parts in the air we breathe. Sprays, douches, atomizers and vapors have been used to a great extent by advertising specialists since, but not by the reg-ular profession; their knowledge of the construction of the air passages teaching them that none of these treatments were permitted by nature to enter the bronchial tubes and lungs. Three years ago a new antisentic was discovered In Australia. It proved to be a perfect Dry Air Germicide, the only one ever found. Knowing the value of such a discovery, a company was tormed and arrangements made to transport this article from its distant home to the seaboard, and from there to all parts of the world, At first physicians refused to believe that this long-sought germicide had at last been discovered, but gradually the truth was forced upon them; thousands of cases were cured before their very eyes. The boards of health in all the large cities where it was used reported a decrease in the deaths from Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption of over 30 per cent. in twelve months. Thus it was that results, and results alone, proved the value of the new cure. "Cures by Inhalation" has now become the common expression in speaking of statement

The treatment of Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, | this new treatment, and herein lies the danger to the public, who have been taught that through inhalation alone can these diseases be cured, forgetting that there is but one Dry Air Germicide which can be inhaled. Taking advantage of this ignorance, the advertising doctors, specialists and quacks all over the country have resurrected the old ammonia inhalers. vaporizers, steam atomizers, &c., long since declared useless, and are now advertising to cure by inhalation. There is not much likelihood of the thinking class of people being deceived, for the fact that such advertisers have given up their old treatments with which they have claimed to cure thousands of sufferers, is sufficient evidence in itself to prove how little they can be relied upon ; besides this, they know that but one Dry Air Germicide has ever been found, and that every ounce of this is controlled by a company who, under no eirquacks. For such people there is but little langer in this shower of treatments that claim to cure by inhalation, but with the ignorant it It is the fear of the regular profession that the greater mass of people may be misled by this advertising, and not receiving any relief refuse to take the true Dry Air Cure and in this way prevent the universal use of 'Hyomei," which up to the time of this influx of imitators was rapidly stamping out these terrible diseases. It is for this reason that the R. T. Booth Co. have made the following sworn

STATE OF NEW YORK. COUNTY OF TOMPKINS, SS. :

Benson P. Cooper, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of The R. T. Cooth Company, sole owners of the New Dry Air Remedy know as "Hyomei;" that it is the first, and only, Dry Air Germicide ever found which can be carried in the air we breathe to all parts of the head, throat and lungs; that every ounce of this preparation is owned and controlled by the said The R. T. Booth Company, exclusively; that it is absolutely impossible for any manufacturer to obtain it in any form, and that, under no circumstances whatever, is any advertising doctor, or specialist, allowed to use it; that "Hyomei" can only be purchased through the drug trade or The R. T. Booth Company, and in the original package as put up by said Company, containing a written guarantee to return the money in case of failure to cure.

(Signed)

BENSON P. COOPER, General Manager of The R. T. Booth Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this I Ith day of January, 1899. GREGG PUFF. Notary Public In and for Tompkins Co., New York. "Hyomei" is the only guaranteed cure for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Consump-

ion and Paeamonia. Hyomei "Trial Outfits, \$.25. Regular Outfit \$1.00. Extra Bottles \$.50. Hyomei Dysepsia Cure (Guaranteed) \$.50. Hyomei Balm \$.25.

Free Treatment Civen Daily at the Office of R. T. Booth Co. Free Demonstration and Distribution of Samples at the following stores during the

week commencing Jan. 231 J. JUNGMANN, 1020 Third av.. New York.

A. PARADIS, 191 Fulton st., and 463 Myrtle av., Brooklyn.

THE R. T. BOOTH CO., 18 West 34th St. (Astor Court Building),

N. Y. City.

PLUG TOBACCO.

Its Consumption Has Fallen Off, but an Old Dealer Sings Its Praise.

The topic was the consolidation of the plug tobacco interests of the country, recently efected, making it the largest in the world, and cne of the oldest tobacco men in this city was commenting on the time it had taken to bring t about and the plug tobacco trade generally.

"It was in March, 1889, this matter was first moored, and the cause undoubtedly was the difficulty of finding a satisfactory way of increasing the demand and selling the goods. Although the figures of production furnished by the Government show a big increase in that department, there is no doubt that the consumption of plug tobacco has failen off. The increase shown is due to the fact that in the returns smoking tobacco and chewing are taken together as 'manufactured tobacco.' bearing the same amount of tax, so that although 1887 showed about 202,000,000 pounds for the year and 1898 showed about 250,000,-000 pounds (fiscal year), the increase is much more in the smoking line than the chewing. while the greatest profit lies in the latter.

"Any one who can look back thirty years can remember that every one chewed. The men's cabins on the ferryboats were almost impassable. At the theatre the flood flowed from the rear of the orchestra seats so that women had to sit with raised skirts and men dare not place their hats under the seats. What has done away with it? Well, largely the introduction of the eigarette. At that time boys at college who wanted to be manly chewed because the men did. Later they began to smoke eigarettes instead, and so the new generation did not chew. This view is indorsed by some of the leading men in the business.

"I am rather sorry to see the practice of chewing pass away. The chewer, as a rule, was a good solid citizen; not light-headed, erratic or flighty, but given to careful thought, and a pretty decent fellow at bottom. There was also more fun around the chewing fraternity than ever there has been around eigars or eigarettes, pipe smokers or snuffers. I remember many years ago, just after the civil war. I was out in Calloway county, Mo., and came across an old man boring 10-inch holes with a 13-inch bit into a rretty solid log, and, asking my way. I next asked him what ho was doing. He had just bored the last of a chain of holes, three inches apart, the full length of the log, and with sparkling eyes he said: 'I'll show yer, stranger.' Going to a bark lean-to he brought out tobacco leaf and a jar of honey, dropped some tobacco in each hole, rammed it down, dropped in a chank of honey, more tobacco, more honey, ramming all fight util the hole was filled, wher he put in a plug.

"Let it lay that way for a month or so, turning it twice a week, he smiled: 'here's a rise one, and lugging out another log from the brush he drove a chisel and wedge in and sailt if from ent to end, displaying two dozen rude but ampeticing plugs ready for use.

"Me and the boys gats away with quite a power during the winter nights. Try a bit." I'll was the finest piece I ever remembered to have sampled, and never paid a cent of tax. In another case a triend of mine, a well-known dealer in Newark. N. J., in 1875 made a summer trip down the Missouli River, and leaving Leavenworth, kap., was advised to take plenty of tobacco along, as it was better money in that region. He did so, and traded it right along the route for all he wanted, one purchase being a pie, a sack of flour, a young pig, bait for cattish, a gallon of home-male wite and a backet of fine apples." "Especially were the leading lawers and Judges strong favorers of the chewing brands, and mighty good judges, too. There was a Southern firm bought some plug of a well-known damed. The case came up before the was also more fun around the chewing fra-

leading Judge of the region, who listened gravely to the arguments, and then asked that a sample be given him, of which he took a generous bite, and sant in silen e for, nearly five minutes chewing it, while counsel watched the un-and-down movement of his jaws. Then the oracle spoke: Damaged to the extent of 13 cents a pound, and judgement for the Disinitif was given accordingly.

This was nearly equalled by an Scotch Judge, Lord Deas, who died some eight years ago. He was once hearing a case when the smell of tobacco permeated the room, and being in opposition to the rules, search was made to trace the effender, without avail. Finally the unders said it must come from the retiring room of the lawyers. This his lordship scouted, saving:

No such thing. Dae ye mean to tell me the gentlemen of the bar smoke commonLinseitek twist? and strange to say shortly after an Irishman in court discovered the place is the was talking about.

The dulge had a goded with Limerick twist. The dulge had a goded with Limerick twist and noneanse. We had less dyspensia and stomach trushes when nearly every one chewed than there is to-day, with only smokers. Out of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a dozon cases I could give let us take that of a goded with the man there is to-day, with only smokers. Out of a feet of the could have the sea of the leading kept alive for seventy years by its use, beginning when a boy of 14, when he had a curious fever leaving a dangerous sore on his side which would not heal. The doctor fold him her must use to bacco for ore first, but after

"Possibly it is well known that in the leading gold-working shores the American workers never have the gold raw material weighed out to them. It is a matter of honor and old-time use. Thay take a piece, work it in—so much lett, so much waste, and that is all there is to it. Well, in these very shoise every man has either to carry his plug in his trousers pecket or lock it unin his work table. It would not be sole a minute."

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